

A Yellow fat mauling Uern, and 1/2 cask at
No. 3. City Point block,
Opposite the Exchange

iveries and Paris Bazaar, Paris No. 1, Excursion Caps, pocket Combs, Hair Brushes, Razors, Chest-men, Rosewood Work-boxes, Dyes and Oils for the hair, "Antel" Hanging Lamps, Tea Trays, Lamp Glasses & Chimneys, Willow Baskets, and many other articles, all of which will

Purchasers from the Country and City are invited to call and see for themselves 5m nov 12

Persons from the city or Country are invited to
call and examine and I will pay and reimburse the
greatest favors thankfully received, and a sum of
money in proportion N17

March 30 30

BUSINESS IN BANGOR.

The prospects for business the present season are highly encouraging. Lumber has advanced in price and is selling rapidly. Our wharves are now lined with vessels that have arrived within a day or two, and more are constantly coming up the river. Quite a number of purchasers of lumber are now in the city, and large sales have been, and are being made. Fine far good seasoned boards have sold readily at the following prices:—

No. 2,	\$20 a 21
" 3,	13
" 4,	8

How circumstances alter cases. The London Gleaner is boasting of, and trumpeting their victory in New York city far and wide. They endeavor to impress their readers with the belief that the Whigs are almost unopposed. But if we are to believe their former arguments it amounts to just nothing at all. Whenever the Whigs have carried that or any other city, the Tories have argued in this wise: "great cities are great cities—they are corrupt." "God made the country, man the city." "the country is with us." "the Whigs are the Whigs." Now adopting their mode of argument, they have met with what they would call a signal defeat. We to be sure have lost the city by a small majority, but then the country is with us. We have carried a large majority of the towns throughout the State, and gained greatly in all of them. "Huzza for New York city and country."

The words puppy, libeller, calumniator, &c. the editor of the Democrat uses with great familiarity. The County Treasurer's last paper reminds us of the old lady, and we shall adopt the advice the husband gave her.

"Husband," said an old lady, as she and her worst half were jiggling by a farm house, "this band do whip that dog that is yelping after us." "Well, my dear, I'll follow your advice this time." So crack went the whip, and bark went the dog for some two or three hundred yards. "There, my dear, you see, you don't understand the nature of them animals, nor human nature either. Why, I told bless you, nint it just so in the world? If a puppy barks at you, take no notice on't, for silent contempt is better than all the whips in creation."

We take the following important announcement from an English paper. We intend to favor Madame La Plastique with our order for a full set of stays and corsets, and the moment we receive them, present them to the Editor of the Democrat, who, we perceive, is not likely to stay put much longer without the application of some such preventive.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT. The Queen has been most graciously pleased to honor Madame La Plastique, of 17, William St Strand with the appointment of Stay and Corset Maker to her Majesty.

Loco Foco Victory. The Loco Foco papers made a great hue and cry about the Connecticut election, and told their followers that Loco-focoism was on the increase in that State. The following table from the Hartford Courant, gives the Loco-foco pluralities for members of Congress in 1837, and the Whig pluralities in 1839. The Whigs will never object to such Loco-foco victories.

Loco Foco—1837	Whigs 1839
1. Toney's plurality 74	Trumbull's plu 1081
2. Ingham's " 1301	Starr's " 134
3. Haley's " 115	Williams's " 90
4. Phelps's " 102	Osborne's " 300
5. Whittlesey's " 305	Smith's " 523
6. Holt's " 304	Brockway's " 526
	2163
	Whig gain 4817

Serious Accident. A Mr. McCondee of Houlton, a volunteer in Capt. Mayfield's company, met with a serious accident a short time since. When on the march, he accidentally fell on the cock-pin of his file leader's gun, which struck his eye and deprived him of sight. He had previously lost one of his eyes, and is now entirely blind, poor and destitute.

The National Intelligencer says. A few boxes of very fine potatoes (raised by artificial heat) were brought to market last Tuesday by Mr. Cammock, and sold at an extraordinary price.

The Hanover House, Boston, is complimented in the highest terms by the papers, as richly deserving of liberal patronage. The following notice is from the Boston Traveller.

HANOVER HOUSE. This commodious and conveniently located establishment, in Hanover street, is in fine condition, and Major Nickerson is as industrious, polite and good humored as ever. His old friends in New York and Providence, when on a visit to this city, need no persuasion to induce them to call, and as his fame as a landlord is extending in every direction, and his prices are moderate, we shall expect to see his house as crowded during the warm season as during the winter and spring. The Major is one of our especial favorites, may he live a thousand years.

ATLANTIC STEAMERS. Extract of a letter from Glasgow, to a merchant in this city, dated March 20th, 1839. "We feel highly gratified to inform you that the keels of three steamers of 1100 tons and 400 horse power, are now about being laid. No expense will be spared to make these vessels equal to any vessels now afloat. They are to be built by Messrs. Green, Glasgow, and will be ready in a month, with a tonnage of 1100 tons, 400 horse power, and a crew of 100 men. They are to be built by Messrs. Green, Glasgow, and will be ready in a month, with a tonnage of 1100 tons, 400 horse power, and a crew of 100 men. They are to be built by Messrs. Green, Glasgow, and will be ready in a month, with a tonnage of 1100 tons, 400 horse power, and a crew of 100 men."

A STORY FOR OUR OWN TIMES.

Taken from the French by the Whig and Courier.

A venerable old Dutchman, after having occupied all the offices of one of the principal cities of the republic, with great honor, and having amassed a large fortune in a most unexceptionable manner, finally formed the resolution of going to terminate his days tranquilly at his country seat. But before retiring he wished to take leave of his friends and connexions, and accordingly invited them all to a feast at his house. The guests, who expected a most sumptuous repast, were much surprised on going into the dining room, to see there a long oaken table, barely covered with a coarse blue cloth. On being seated, they were served on wooden plates, with salted herring, rye bread and butter, with some cheese and curdled milk. Wooden vases, filled with small beer, were passed round for each of the guests to serve themselves. Thus extreme oddity of the old gentleman caused secret murmurings among the company; but, out of respect for his age and wealth, instead of showing discontent, they pretended to relish their trifling fare, and some of them even complimented him upon the cordiality of those good old times which he had brought to remembrance. The old man, who was not duped by this feigned civility, did not wish to carry the joke farther, but at a signal which he gave, his servants, habited as country women, entered, bringing the second service. A white cloth succeeded the coarse blue one, and some pewter plates replaced the wooden ones. Instead of rye bread, dried herring and cheese, they were served with good brown bread, fresh beef, boiled fish and strong beer. At this unexpected change, the secret murmurs ceased, the polite invitations on the part of the old man became more pressing and the guests ate with a better appetite. Hardly had they time to taste this second service when they saw a bule enter, followed by half a dozen servants in brilliant livery, bringing the third. A superb table of mahogany, covered with a beautiful flowered cloth, replaced the oaken one. A side-board was immediately covered with the richest plate and most curious china, and the guests charmed at the sight of a profusion of rare and exquisite meats. The most delicious wines were freely pressed around, while a melodious concert was heard in an adjoining room. Tosses were drank, and all were merry. But the good old man perceiving that his presence hindered the guests from giving themselves up to their full joy, rose and addressed them thus: "I give you thanks ladies and gentlemen, for the favor which you have granted me. It is time that I should retire, myself, and leave you to your liberty. But before the ball commences, which I have ordered to be prepared for those who love the dance, permit me to acquaint you with the design that I proposed to myself in inviting you to a repast which has appeared so odd. I have wished thereby to give you an idea of our Republic. Our ancestors rose to their high state, and acquired liberty, riches, and power by living in the frugal manner which you saw in the first service. Our fathers preserved these great blessings only by living in the simple manner of which the second service has retraced the image. If it is permitted to an old man who is about to leave you and who tenderly loves you, to speak freely what he thinks, I must say, I fear that the extravagant profusion which you may have remarked in the last service, and which is the present style of living, will deprive us of more than our ancestors have acquired by the sweat of the brow, and our fathers have transmitted to us by their industry and wise administration."

The Portland Advertiser publishes the following extract from a letter dated March 22d received by the Gert Western, and written by an American gentleman now in Liverpool.

It shows the state of public opinion in England, and is in answer to a letter written from Portland during the "Aroostook War."

"Ever since my arrival in this port, the 'Toy Papers' have been ringing the alarm bell for war, exterminating war with the Yankees, yes the whole 'Yankee nation' for abroad they call us so, and they have even gone so far as to say that Great Britain must take possession of the 'Cotton States', to pay for the expenses of a war, but this I looked upon as all fudge, and felt no apprehension of any difficulty, until I received your letter. This has alarmed me, because I look upon your statement as facts to be relied upon, consequently my own opinion underwent a serious change on the morning of the 19th, and I have shown your letter to many persons of influence in Liverpool, who have, like myself, viewed the subject in a different light. You may rest assured that the best and most influential portion of the British community would rather throw away all New Brunswick, than go to war with the U. S., and I believe the present Government, with the majority of wealth of the country, would make a sacrifice to quiet existing difficulties, but they cannot comprehend our situation. They cannot realize that Martin Van Buren and his Cabinet have as much power as the Queen and her Ministry, so they argue, that as ONLY Maine and Massachusetts are interested, the General Government of the United States will put them down, and prevent a war with England. To this day, they (Englishmen) cannot understand our 'Federal form of Government'—neither do they know the difference between a Yankee and a Southern. But to the point. You may rest assured that England would rather go to war with all the world than with us. She has nothing to gain, but every thing to lose. A revolution in this country would be the first fruits of a war with the U. S., but a war would also greatly retard our prosperity, and most seriously injure us."

"The great body of intelligent people and I have conversed with hundreds in my journeys to and from London and Manchester, and they all say, 'that the party that pushes us to the point, Fetter' say they, 'for us to give up all that even the whole of the Pennsylvania, then again to involve the country in another war. The object of this letter is to educate you, your mind, that is to say, to show you that we have no such thing. Could you

take a vote of England, you would find ninety out of every hundred most bitterly opposed to war. The great proprietors for aristocracy are fast working their own downfall. They are not with any power, because they know that unless that is the case, their reign is short; but they do not realize the fact that a war is the only thing that would carry them and their progeny headlong to destruction. A revolution must be the result, and recollect a revolution here will be succeeded by stagnation, the worst that could happen to any country."

Presence of Mind of a Lady. One evening, a party of those murderers, who were sent for by Robespierre from the transfuge which divided France from Italy, and who were employed by that archfiend in all the butcheries and massacres of Paris, entered the peaceful village of La Reine, in a parish of Monsie O—. His lady saw them advancing and anticipating their errand had just time to give her husband into the care of their approach, who left his chateau by a back door and secreted himself in the house of a neighbor. Madame O—, with perfect composure, went out to meet them, and received them in a most gracious manner. They sternly demanded Monsieur O— she informed them that he had left the country, and, after engaging them in conversation, she conducted them into her drawing room, and regulated them with her best wiles, and made her servants attend upon them with unusual deference and ceremony. Their appearance was altogether horrible, they wore leather aprons, which were sprinkled all over with blood; they had large horse pistols in their belts, and a dirk and sabre by their sides. Their looks were full of ferocity, and they spoke a harsh dissonant patois language. Over their cups they talked about the bloody business of that day's occupation, in the course of which they drew their dirks, and wiped from their handles clots of blood and hair. Madame O— sat with them, undisturbed by their frightful deportment. After drinking several bottles of champagne and burgundy, these savages began to grow good-humoured and seemed to be completely fascinated by the amiable and unembarrassed, and hospitable behavior of their fair landlady. After carousing till midnight, they pressed her to retire, observing that they had been received so handsomely, that they were convinced Monsieur O— had been misrepresented, and was no enemy to the good cause; they added that they found the wines excellent, and, after drinking two or three bottles more, they would leave the house, without causing her any reason to regret their admission. Madame O—, with all the appearance of perfect tranquility and confidence in their promises, wished her unwelcome guests a good night, and after visiting her children in their rooms, she threw herself upon the bed, with a loaded pistol in each hand, and overwhelmed with suppressed agony and agitation, she soundly slept until she was called by her servants, two hours after these wretches had left the house.

Plain Diet. This is what children ought to be accustomed to, from the very first. It is vastly more for their present health and comfort than those little nice things, with which fond parents are apt to vitiate their appetites; and it will save them a great deal of mortification in after life. If you make it a point to give them the best of everything, to pamper them with rich cakes, and sweetmeats, and sugar-plums, if you allow them to eat, with a scowl, 'I don't like this, and I can't eat that,' and then go away and make them a little toast, or kill a chicken for their dainty palates, depend upon it you are doing them a great injury; not only on the score of denying them a full muscle and a ray clerk, but of forming one of the most inconvenient habits that they can carry along with them into after life. Better far, to put them upon water-gruel, or brown bread, till their appetite grows, and they can be satisfied with such food as others eat of the same table. If you learn your children to eat what is set before them, asking no questions, they will always find something, among whatever class of people they may afterwards be thrown, upon which they can make a comfortable meal, whereas if you allow them to nuzzle and find fault at your own table, when they come to leave you, they will not, half the time, find any thing they can eat, and thus you will prepare them to go chafing and grumbling along through life, the veriest slaves almost to the world. Dr. Humphrey.

Scruples. Mr. Robertson, of Virginia, is a man of considerable talent but odd, peculiar, unpracticable, a good deal given to metaphysics, and a great stickler for a strict construction of the Constitution. The following story, circulated at Washington the winter before last, is said to show his peculiar tenacity on this latter point. At that time the pleurisy was prevalent, and two or three members had died of it, and as usual, had been buried at the public expense. One night, Mr. Robertson being suddenly seized with this disorder, called up some of his friends and went for a physician. His friends attempted to persuade him that the attack was slight, and that he would easily throw it off. "No," said Mr. Robertson, who was in great pain, "No, the disorder I fear will prove fatal, but," he added, "do not have me buried at the public expense, there is nothing in the Constitution to warrant that."—[Atlas]

Cure for Cancer. Mr. Thomas Tyrell, of Missouri, advertises that a cancer upon his nose had been cured in the following manner. He was recommended to use strong putash, made of the ashes of red oak bark, boiled down to the consistence of molasses, to cover the cancer with it and in about an hour afterwards to cover with a plaister of tar, which must be removed after a few days, and if any protuberances remain in the wound, apply more putash to them, and the plaister again until they shall disappear, after which, heal the wound with common salve. Caution and the knife had been previously used in vain. This treatment effected a perfect and speedy cure. N. Y. Com. Adv.

A HIGHWAYMAN OBTWITTF. "Stand and deliver," were the words addressed to a tailor, travelling on foot, by a highwayman, whose trace of pistol looked rather dangerous than otherwise. "I don't like pleasure," was the reply, at the same time handing over to the outstretched hand of the robber a purse apparently pretty well stocked. "but," continued he, "suppose you do me a favor in return. My friend would laugh at me were I to go home and tell that I was robbed with as much patience as a lamb. Suppose you fire your two bull dogs right thro' the crown of my hat. It will look something like a show of resistance." His request was acceded to, but hardly had the smoke of the discharge of the weapons passed away, when the tailor pulled out a rusty old horse pistol, and in his turn politely requested the thunderstruck highwayman to stand and deliver. 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